

# SPIRIT

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### ANTHROPOLOGY.

"O what a miracle to man is man!  
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august!  
A worm, a God."

**SURELY** in the whole compass of creation there are no two things so like or so unlike as man is to man. Similar wants and infirmities, similar hopes and prospects, a common origin and a common end, would seem to imply a similarity in the feelings and desires of our minds, while our having, in most instances, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth furnished with four parallel upper fore-teeth, our walking erect on our hinder paws, and being unprovided with a tail, would appear to constitute strong personal resemblance. Yet extrinsic and accidental circumstances operate so powerfully upon both our bodies and our minds, that an elephant and a humming-bird, an ostrich and a cuttle-fish, are scarcely more different in their appearance, their haunts, tastes, and employments, than thousands of the human race are to each other. We generalize too much in our language, we call any thing a nose which is set in the middle of the face, and has two apertures in it, without considering that a little, almost invisible dot of flesh, and a symmetrical arch rising high and conspicuous, are very different things; and if we contend for similarity of name on account of similarity of use, we ought to remember that some noses cannot distinguish hyacinths from asafetida, while others are affected agreeably by the

breezes that have passed over a distant tuft of violets, and instantly detect the existence of the slightest particle of offensive matter; that some nasal organs, again, receive daily with snuffling eagerness and delight ounces of Irish Blackguard or Harding's thirty-seven, while the passage of an open *tabatiere*, along the opposite side of a table, will set others in an agony of sternutation. It is the same with our other features, the same with the sums total of our frames,—it is education and habit, not reason and observation, which persuade us to call every one we meet by the same specific appellation; the noble faculty of comparing and judging, if properly used, would lead to very different results; and if our zoologists had not been blinded by early prejudices, they would have divided the human race into as many genera as are attributed to birds and fish, and not applied the sweeping term *Homo* alike to the sparrows and eagles, the salmon and flounders of our kind.

Walking a few evenings since through one of the most eastern streets of the western world, in my progress towards the regions of trade, riches, and vulgarity, an equipage distinguished by splendid trappings and smart attendants, and by the leafy symbol of high nobility placed above most illustrious arms, rattled

past me with a truly aristocrætical air. Within it sat a lovely creature in that highly-privileged, short-lived period of female existence when girlhood and womanhood form a partnership of charms, and

"Summer's matron day  
Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May!"

There are scenes and countenances at which a single glance appears sufficient to insure their recollection, and which, either from their own peculiar attractions, or the state of the spectator's mind at the moment, imprint themselves instantaneously and indelibly on the memory, and hold their place when more familiar objects have faded into indistinctness or oblivion. Such was the beautiful being who passed like a fair vision, but left a pleasing remembrance behind,

"Like silvery moonbeams on the nighted deep  
When Heaven's blest sun is gone."

She was drawing on one of her gloves, and my eye rested for a moment on her white and polished arm, encircled by a bracelet of precious stones; I saw the graceful bend of her slender, snowy throat, the fresh bloom of her cheeks,

"Painted, 'tis true, by the same hand that  
throws

It's brilliant colours on the blushing rose,"—

the pure gloss of her light ringlets, from which all dust and tarnish seemed banished by irreversible decree; above all, I remarked that noble port, that indefinable expression of native dignity, which told of a long line of high-born fathers, and of mothers chosen from the fairest of the land. This lovely apparition set my imagination in a glow; and most sincerely do I wish that every lady of my acquaintance could at that moment have read my thoughts. If ever, in an hour of spleen, I had been negligent and ungallant, ever too idle to dance, too preoccupied to admire, too reasonable to approve caprice, too sincere to praise imperfections, my present train of ideas would have furnished a *Palinodia* sufficiently ample to appease the

most unforgiving of her sex; that sex on which I was now showering every imaginable grace, on whose charms I was meditating with the rapturous veneration of a knight-errant. While wrapped in this gallant reverie, my soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by a violent push; and almost before I could raise my eyes to discover its cause, my ears were assailed by the loudest and grossest language, by imprecations and abuse too shocking to repeat. I looked up, and beheld—a woman. And what a woman! She had set down a tub of oysters, in order to place her arms in an attitude of defiance, and abuse at leisure the unlucky mortal whose ardent meditations on the attractions of her sex had occasioned him inadvertently to obstruct her progress. Those arms swelled and flaming, her countenance coarse and bloated and red with intoxication and anger, her triple chin, huge sinewy throat, and most unseemly neck, her swaggering gait and dirty attire, her air of unshrinking daring, of vice, vulgarity, and wretchedness, produced a whole of almost terrific effect. I hurried on to escape the disgusting spectacle, and woman seemed to fall in a moment from the high pinnacle of honour on which my devotion had so lately placed her. She, to whom I had been attributing so many charms, whose very nature I had felt inclined to deify, and to whom all that was fair, and lovely, and gentle, seemed essential and necessary accompaniments, appeared now to be indebted to chance alone for her advantages; to be the sport of circumstances and accidents, a Helen or a Hecate, an angel or a demon, as these may happen to decide. Naturalists will tell us that the oyster-wench was only a variety of the fair sex, as a flower planted in a coarse soil loses the delicacy of its form and brilliancy of its colours; and will try to induce us to believe that the difference between the lovely daughter of nobility and the female fury from whose presence I had fled with loathing, was only pro-

duced by a dissimilar *habitat*. Yet this difference comprises every outward circumstance, every inward feeling,—not only language, appearance, clothing, food, abode, but the ideas, pleasures, and wishes of the one would be totally incomprehensible to the other; the memory of one a gay bazaar of all that is bright and delicate, of fineries, fêtes, and pleasures, of elegant amusements and refined pursuits, of gentle sorrows soothed by tenderness, and fleeting cares dispersed by wealth and indulgence,—while the mind of the other must be a dark and fearful chaos of ignorance, wretchedness, and crime. Perhaps it would be nearly impossible to select a circumstance which would excite the smiles or tears of both these beings; a viand which would be equally pleasing to both their palates. How would one shrink from raw onions and giu! how insipid would the other find omelettes and Moselle! How useless would it be to read Byron and Pope to the oyster-woman! and with what horror would her fair sister close her offended ears to the ribaldry which convulsed the former with laughter! Each, indeed, shrinks from pain, each eats to satisfy hunger, and drinks when she is dry; but in these particulars there is no closer resemblance than exists between cows and sheep, and other animals to which distinct specific appellations are given on account of their wide dissimilarity in other respects. Surely in this age of precise classification, when genera in botany and entomology are divided and subdivided, on account of a notch in the leaf of a calyx, or an additional joint in an antenna, some steps will ere long be taken towards a more accurate arrangement of the human race. We must at first be contented with broad and conspicuous lines of separation, divisions comprehensive as the types of Cuvier; but as the infant science gains strength, it will become gradually more precise, and the student in Anthropology, on returning from an entertainment, will be able to con-

vey to his absent friends the most lively and distinct idea of the company, will enumerate rapidly the various genera present, state which were the predominating species, and what varieties sat next him at dinner, or were his partners in a quadrille. Some few difficulties might be occasioned by the human animal consisting of both body and mind, and requiring in consequence two different classifications according to the constitution and qualities of each; but these would be removed by time and practice, and the quick, experienced eye of a real lover of the study would soon learn to detect a curious species oppressed by the customs and *comme il faut*s of fashionable life, with the same rapidity with which the botanist spies a rare plant half concealed among the coarse and tangled luxuriance of a hedge-row. Society, too, would probably be improved by this new science: a general ambition would be excited to assemble different species and curious varieties in our parties: it would no longer be the fashion for every one to do his utmost to look, speak, and think like the rest of the world; and it would not be considered more absurd or tasteless to have nothing but cockles in your cabinet of shells, no flower but balsams in your green-house, or "*toujours perdrix*" for dinner, than to fill your rooms with only the flirts and coxcombs of the human race. In the beginning of the science many mistakes would be made, and much wrong classification occur from the cameleon properties of mankind, which render the same individual to-morrow so unlike what he seemed to be yesterday. Take, for instance, our young Guardsmen, many of whom are to me inexplicable anomalies which baffle all previous calculation, make me doubt the axioms of the wise on the power of habit, and suspect that his delay at Cannæ had little influence on the fate of Hannibal. Behold their foppish dress, effeminate air, and affected manners; see them loiter away the day in trifling

pursuits, sit long and late at the most *recherché* dinner, discuss with fastidious criticism every foreign dish, spend half the night in simpering with pretty women, or yawning at the opera; their greatest excitation is found at the gaming-table, their deepest study in perusing a va-pid novel. Is it possible to imagine a mode of life more likely to generate effeminacy and cowardice, to make a Sybarite of Mars himself! Yet let a war arise, and send these perfumed fops to join our armies, they shoot at one start from puppies into heroes; hardships are unheeded, dangers courted, death despised; they are ready to march all day and watch all night; they sleep where and when they can, feed like dogs, fight like devils. I remember to have seen a colonel of the Guards, perhaps the most complete specimen of a fop who ever existed, a few hours after he had landed at Portsmouth on his return from the battle of Corunna; and young and inexperienced as I then was, nothing could exceed my astonishment at the unaffected carelessness with which he spoke of all he had done and suffered; his easy unconcern under the most unusual accompaniments of a torn shirt, a soiled coat, and dishevelled hair, and his complete transformation from an affected, delicate, scented coxcomb, whom it was impossible not to despise, into a hardy, undaunted, daring soldier, whom I was compelled to admire and respect. A few months afterwards I saw him again completely restored to his former self, but I could not again enjoy the satisfaction of unhesitating and supreme contempt, nor have I ever since then met in society any of his brethren in arms, and in folly, without thinking it likely that, in the midst of their grimaces and absurdities, they might suddenly choose to throw off their monkey disguise, and turn into men. Specimens of this description would doubtless puzzle our natural philosophers, but uncertainties of the same kind are to be

found in all departments of Zoology; the hen-pheasant will occasionally assume the plumage of the male; the maggot, from which in ordinary states of the bee-republic a common worker would proceed, will, in seasons of difficulty, produce a queen, and from the chrysalis out of which we expected to see a timid moth emerge, will sometimes fly a fierce and cannibal Ichneumon.

Other difficulties would arise to the Anthropologist from the more permanent but scarcely less surprising changes which time and society produce in our minds, dispositions, habits, and opinions. When we have "skipped from sixteen years to sixty, and turned our leaping-time into a crutch," it is not upon our persons only that time has exercised its influence, and a looking-glass for the mind would reflect far greater dissimilarity in character and feelings than in complexion and feature. Some would shrink from and loathe the mental image of their youth, while others would have reason to regret that its warm affections, its open-hearted confidence, its open-handed generosity had fled, and that no maturer virtues had taken their place. One would look in vain for the fruit so fondly prophesied by those who had seen with delight that "the blossom of all manly virtues made his boyhood beautiful," and another would perceive that the licentiousness and selfishness which had once been excused to himself and the world, by sprightliness and good-humour, had outlived the gay foliage by which they had formerly been decked and disguised, and that

"All that gave gloss to sin, all gay  
Light folly pass'd with youth away,  
And rooted stood in manhood's hour,  
The weeds of vice without their flower."

Here too would be a deep and curious study for the admirer of our new science, and, in conjunction with the phrenologist, he might hope, by patient investigation and repeated experiments, to discover not only the present disposition and character of his fellow-mortals, but the em-

bryo, and as yet undeveloped traits which time will eventually unfold, as the botanist foresees the poisonous fruit which some fair flower will produce, or the entomologist glories in the radiant butterfly, while its beauties are still concealed within the dull unsightly chrysalis. Then, indeed, would Boileau's words be true, that

"Jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, un Mortel ici-bas  
Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas."

Then would hypocrisy commit *felo de se* in a fit of despair, and then a course of Anthropology would be the indispensable preparative of every prudent person for the state of

matrimony. But alas! the science which is to produce such important effects is not even in its infancy; it is yet unborn; centuries will be requisite fully to develop and mature it, and it is but too probable that during my short life I may never be able to obtain the warrant of philosophy and custom, as well as that of feeling and reason, to give a different zoological denomination to the most disgusting virago who issues from a cellar to disfigure and disgrace our streets, and the fair and gentle being who is the theme of poetry, the darling of our fancy, and the delight of our eyes.

#### NATURE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,  
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,  
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,  
"Wherefore, thou dreamer! away so fast?"

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,  
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;  
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,  
Thou hast left in our shades with the Spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,  
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;  
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more."

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,  
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung:—  
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?  
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

"Thou may'st come to the Summer woods again,  
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain;  
Afair from the foliage its love will dwell,  
A change must pass o'er thee—Farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth; and the founts and streams  
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:—  
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,  
Wherefore thus leave us?—Oh! yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth;  
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth!  
Never again wilt thou find in its flow  
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,  
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;  
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,  
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part;  
What should it do for a burning heart?  
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,  
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still!

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,  
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone!  
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—  
Yet on, fiery dreamer!—Farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,  
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;  
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,  
How deep were the oracles nature spoke!

#### THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.—RICHARD III.

IT was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the midday sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching; that I was proceeding homewards on horse-back, fortified by a strong great coat against the weather without, and refreshed with a glass of eau-de-vie, that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance; and, on a slight eminence, at an angle where the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years; the whole of the flesh was consumed; and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set; to accomplish which, I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased into a hand gallop. The sun, however, had set, and twilight was fast changing into darkness as I rode up. I could not keep my eyes off the spot, for the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards, ac-

companied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead, and nearly blinded me, so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white bony arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind. On passing it, I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German Gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference; I took a large comforter from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder; and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind, at apparently the same distance, and though I looked around several times, I could not see a living soul! The sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small grey pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melancholy

looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull heavy eyelids, which hung so low, that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cadaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trowsers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck!

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round, or lifting up his eyes to look at me; I could not help regarding him intently, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off; and, on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself! Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned as before!

This looked very strange!—there was something mysterious about him; so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible; but the faster I rode, the faster rode he; and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed me easily. But that was not his intention; for when I slackened my pace, he slackened,—and on my pulling up, he pulled up also: still he never looked at me, and there we remained side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Every thing around us was perfectly quiet; and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling; at length, I exclaimed, "Sir! you seem determined we shall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us." The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed, in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it should be thought he had intruded himself upon me, and his earnest desire that

we might proceed together (seeing that our course was the same) on better terms. This was said with so much politeness, that I really could not refuse: being moreover convinced that, if I had, it was totally out of my power to enforce my refusal; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began talking most fluently, but continually shifted the subject, and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I, who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say:—at length, as well as I was able (for my teeth chattered so much I could scarcely speak plain), I stammered out, "whether he did not think it was very cold?" Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light, as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild, and melodious tone of voice, "Perhaps you will accept of my cloak?" and adding, with peculiar emphasis, "he was sure I should be warm enough then," instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself: he began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, "that he never felt cold,"—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honour to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate, that I rudely pushed it from me, saying, that "I would not accept of it." O! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance!—instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment: his eyes flashed fire from under his heavy knit brows; his mouth was curled with a kind of "sardonic" grin: and, hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said with the most sinister expression, "perhaps I would do him the honour *another* time?"



Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure : he was no sooner gone, than I got by degrees warmer and warmer ; even my horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horridly unnatural about the stranger ;—his hollow voice, pale complexion, and heavy eye,—above all, the strange coldness that came over me ! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him ; and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon) ; and now, so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat, and take my thick lambs' wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be ?

I remembered to have heard, that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law for having burnt a house and murdered in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person, whom he strangled with his cloak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious) that this man did not then die : for it was said, that the devil, to whom after his condemnation he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other, supported him ; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet, in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose !

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there, morning, noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this, by saying it came there to feed on the body ; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet

one twilight, declared, that he heard the man talking with the raven, but in a language he could not understand ; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings, but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him ; and he verily believed had he stopped he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath, until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dreadfully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word ; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavoured to entrap the unwary to put them in the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German ? Tut ! an idle thought ; and yet—I remember there was something foreign in his accent ;—then the paleness of his face,—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence,—the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power,—the extreme cold with which I was afflicted,—the ominous beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet ; each circumstance came forcibly before me ; and were he the German or not, I more than ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half way between the commencement and end of my journey, and arrived there about half-past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face,



came out and welcomed me. "Shew me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment." The landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments, and that he would be most happy in my company: so I followed mine host to the room; but what was my confusion, when, on opening the door, I discovered seated, the mysterious stranger, whose presence had before caused me such annoyance! A sort of chillness instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said "he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing me to occupy the same room, and at the same time handed me a chair. It was impossible for me now to refuse; so, thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary; he instantly recovered himself, and said, "that for his part, his cloak, pointing to one which hung on the back of his chair, was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be," and added, "if I would but put it on for one moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*." I had a sort of instinctive dread of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on; so starting up, I rang the bell, and on the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying, this was one of the coldest nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light the fire, the stranger sat quite silent; for my part, I got colder and colder; a sort of melancholy chill-

ness seemed to pervade the place; the large clock that was in the room had stopped, from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived; and on the maid coming in, though before a merry, cheerful-looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came and did her best endeavours to light a fire, but in vain; afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced on coming into the room: last of all I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold, he was sure, any where else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet and immovable as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea; I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot, from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire: however, on pouring in some water no steam arose; so far from it, the water appeared to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water? she declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire; she returned, and on my tilting it up to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time sitting in-

tently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his dull heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can scarcely describe what I felt; I shook so dreadfully both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth chattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I staid any longer, I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and starting up, he again said, “perhaps I would accept of his cloak.” Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully; this the stranger perceived, and opening it, shewed the lining, which was of the finest lamb’s wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer, and more comfortable than anything I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested that I would put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*, I felt myself wavering; but, summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield, so quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and being resolved, once and for ever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse, I galloped the whole of the way home; and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate I have distanced him: and knocking at my door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs who had been waiting my arrival. “With an old friend, a good bottle of wine, and a warm fire,” said I, “I can forget every thing;” and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the arm of the chair on which he sat!—He rose as I entered—rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed

politely, saying, “that he hoped he was not an intruder; but, after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold to beg a night’s lodging, having found himself benighted, close to my house.” I was so thunder-struck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room, and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, “and, what is very strange,” added she, “we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold.” “Oh!” said the stranger, “you need not mind that—I *always sleep warm enough!*” and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the German?—tush! nonsense!—but however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could succeed in entirely banishing it; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinion, to put up with his company this once;—and, endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced, and hastily despatched, for every thing was cold. Silence again ensued; till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should shew him his room; he consented, and bowing to my wife, took his cloak and followed me.

When we came into his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer; “I will order the servant,” said I, “to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with.” He replied, “that he had rather I would not give myself so much trouble on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow!” He then

asked me if I slept warm ? " I am afraid," said I, " I shall not do so to-night." He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, " I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be warm enough then !"—I threw down the cloak, and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me, that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business. I went to bed—but not to sleep,—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out, thus late as it was ;—but I might be mistaken, after all ;—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental. I resolved, at least, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winter's night ; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door (my constant custom upon going to bed), when, about one o'clock, as I was lying, wide awake,—the stranger,—the German,—the fiend !—for I believe he was all three,—entered my room !—how, I know not,—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me,—my

knees knocked together,—my teeth chattered,—my hair stood on end,—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose ? to murder me ?—no—no, I see it all,—the cloak,—the mysterious cloak, the source of all my fears and apprehensions ;—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes, no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other, a power over me ! He approached the bed ;—my tongue clave to the roof of my parched mouth, and fear, an all absorbing fear, had nearly choked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then—but rage, fear, despair, gave me strength :—I started up ;—" Villain !" said I, " I will not tamely bear it : " and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I did or said. " Hence," roared I, " and seek the fiend you serve ! " and accidentally in the scuffle I caught hold of his long pointed nose ;—he shrieked aloud with rage and pain. " For mercy's sake, Mr. T—," said my wife, " what are you about ? " I received a heavy fall :—immediately the whole was gone. I assisted my wife into bed ; for it seems that I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me ; which, as often as she had endeavoured to replace, I had resisted ; and on her persisting, I had eventually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.

#### SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

##### NO. VI.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THE reputation of this writer is very disproportionate to the extent of his definite and tangible performances. He stands, in general estimation, among the highest names of our day for speculative science, for politics, legislation, history and rhetoric. Yet the works which have gained for him this high character are few and small—two or three

pamphlets, a score of speeches, and as many anonymous papers in the Edinburgh Review. The merit of these, both for ability of thought and beauty of composition, is a sufficient warrant for the nature of the source from which they came ; and we only lament that so bright a water should flow forth in such scanty streams. These writings have been

sufficient to convince the world that Sir James Mackintosh is one of a small and neglected class, the lovers of wisdom. But men have done him more justice than they ordinarily render to his brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire:\* and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than, when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He has less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

His greatest talent is the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of our day, if not of all living Englishmen whatever, he is incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any contemporary writer of our country: and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, is, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he is not very exclusively wedded to any peculiar

system or even science. Many of the chroniclers or commentators of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or, even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute, the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian ocean is a creek of the Persian gulf, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error: and we are inclined to think, that the most valuable service he has it in his power to render to the world, would be by publishing a history of philosophy from the tenth to the seventeenth century; not because he has thought the thoughts, or felt the feelings, of those ages, but because he would give us fair and candid abstracts of the books which he had studied, and would supply questions to be answered by the oracle, of which he is not himself a priest; so that men of a more catholic, and less latitudinarian spirit, might find in his pages the elements of a wisdom to which he can minister, though he cannot teach it. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion which would have made him an apostle of truth, and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions, because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range. But having an acute intel-

\* If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

lectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him, *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which have been cultivated till now in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruit, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found little but its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions, and brought them into comparison; and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing any thing strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages, and darkens its windows. He has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon, which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers block up the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief

in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and difficulties, and nicely balanced system. It is all arranged and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But, to know it, it must be felt. And here the man of talent is often at fault, while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition, rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature; nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good, which will needs speak boldly wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

He seems to us to be a man of doubting and qualifying mind, who would willingly find out the best if he had courage to despise the throng, to desert their paths, and boldly go in search of it. He heads the crowd

in the road they are travelling ; but he will not seek to lead them in a new direction. Nor is it only in any one particular department of thought that he seeks to support himself by the doctrines of his predecessors, and the prejudices of his contemporaries ; in short, to move the future by the rotten lever of the past. It is a propensity which guides and governs him in all his labours. In politics, he is a professed whig ; that is, a man who, provided no great and startling improvements are attempted, is perfectly willing that mankind, as they creep onward, should fling off, grain by grain, the load with which they now are burdened : though he holds it certain that we are doomed by nature to sweat and groan for ever under by far the larger portion of our present fardels. He will not venture to conclude that the whole of a political system is bad ; but his reason and his good feelings tell him that the separate parts are all indefensible. He halts perpetually between two opinions ; and while decidedly a friend to the people, he is not near so certainly an enemy to bad government. He is too wise and too virtuous not to know that reform must begin ; but he is too cautious and timid to pronounce how far it shall be allowed to go. What he would do in politics, is all good ; but he seems afraid to proceed to extremity, even in improvement. This propensity arises in part from his natural hesitation and weakness of temperament : but is strengthened, and in his view sanctioned, by the effects of his historical studies. For he seems to have been very much influenced by the feeling of exclusive respect for the past, which is so apt to creep unconsciously and gradually, like the rust of time upon a coin, over the minds of those who devote themselves chiefly to by-gone ages. They do not see how far the path is open before us, because their eyes are constantly turned backwards ; and, from the same cause, they are liable, in moving onward, to stumble

over the slightest impediment. Sir James Mackintosh has obviously escaped (thanks to his speculative and benevolent habit of feeling) from the worst degree of this tendency ; and, in charging him with it at all, we are not sure that his attempt to reform the criminal law might not be held up to us as a sufficient and complete answer. But it certainly does seem, that it has acted upon him in a certain degree, in connection with the bent of his moral and metaphysical opinions, to prevent him from hoping, and therefore from attempting, any great amelioration of mankind. He is, moreover, from his habits of research and study, far too much of the professor, to be all that he ought to be of the statesman. With his eloquence, his knowledge of the laws, his station in general opinion, and his seat in Parliament, he might make himself an instrument of the widest good. But, alas ! he retreats from the senate to the library, and, when he casually emerges into affairs, he, who might be the guiding star of his country, if he be not a mere partisan, appears as little better than a book-worm.

It is truly wonderful to consider, recognised by all as are the talents and acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh, how little effect he produces upon the public mind. Every body is willing to respect his judgment, and to learn from his knowledge ; but the prophet will not speak. He holds a sceptre which he will not wield, and is gifted with a futile supremacy. He is one of the many able men who do nothing, because they cannot do all. He seems to spend his time in storing up information for the "moth and rust to corrupt." He has none of the eager earnestness of mind, which would make him impatient at seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. He forgets that, if he had written ten times as much, it would probably be only a few degrees less precious than what he has accomplished : and the world



would have been influenced nearly ten times more by his abilities and knowledge. He would, doubtless, then have been prevented from heaping into his memory so much of the deeds and sayings of other men; but he would have done more good, and said more truth, himself. He would not so thoroughly have known past history; but he would have been a nobler subject for future historians. Even his opinions on the constitution and laws of the human mind, he has never put forth boldly and formally; nor would it be easy to prove, from either his avowed or his anonymous productions, at what point he stands between Kant and Hume. On one great subject, namely, the essential difference between right and wrong, he has more than once declared himself; and as this point is at present of great interest, and larger masses of belief seem daily ranging themselves on opposite sides, it is one with regard to which we will venture to say a very few words. It is the theory of Sir James Mackintosh that expediency is the foundation of morality, but a large and universal expediency, which embodies itself in rules that admit of no question or compromise. He thus stands among the advocates of "utility," but on the border nearest to their antagonists. His principle is obviously much less liable to fluctuation and uncertainty, than that of the reasoners who, like him, basing their system on expediency, perpetually recur to the first principle of the doctrine, and will never take for granted, however general may be the assent of mankind, that any rule of conduct is right, unless they can demonstrate its beneficial consequence. The whole question, however, is evidently one of fact, and it would be futile to say that a different notion from that of the "Utilitarians" would be more useful than theirs, supposing that, as they pretend, their creed can be proved to be the true one. But on this ground we are content to place the matter; and we are just as certain, as of the existence of our

senses, that there is, in the human mind, a simple and primary idea of the distinction between right and wrong, not produced by experience, but developing itself in proportion to the growth of the mind. We do not say that the contrary belief is false, because it produces the state of moral disease which, we think, we can observe in the greater number of its supporters; but we maintain, that it is at once the result and the evidence, in short, the symptom, of that unhealthy condition. It is one of the characteristics of that mental habit in which there is so much of narrowness both in thought and feeling, and which has so strong a tendency to repress all that there is within us of nobler and more hopeful power. It seems certain that the habitual recurrence to expediency, as the standard of our conduct, must have the tendency to make us less and less moral, and more and more selfish beings; until it has completely extinguished those sympathies which unite us to all our race, and which never were acted upon uniformly by any one who was accustomed to calculate their re-action upon himself.

That Sir James Mackintosh holds the theory of expediency in such a manner as to diminish his benevolence, we certainly do not believe. Like all the good men who have adopted this system, he probably feels a power which his intellect denies; and it is this which adds all the sanction and glory, which he and they are conscious of, to the relations that connect them with their species. But that his denial of any other basis of moral distinction than expediency has tended very much to cramp the general strain of his speculations, we are just as certain; and we think that the traces of this result, or rather of the character of mind which produced both evils, may be observed in his earliest production. The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" is a very clever book to have been written by a very young man. There is in it a completeness and vigour of reason-



ing, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which would do credit to any time of life, and justly brought distinction to the youth of Sir James Mackintosh. But there is perhaps in that very nearness to excellence an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles, and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas of which as yet we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects. It is not that he has an imperfect view of an extensive field, but that he seems circumscribed by a boundary, within which all is clear to him, but beyond which he does not attempt to look. There are no chasms, such as in thinking over a

subject almost every young man must have felt that he did not know how to fill up, but which he knew, at the same time, required to be closed by some idea which he could not at the time command. There is nothing of this sort from beginning to end of the book; and therefore a philosopher might have predicted even then that the writer would never reform a science, or create a system. The department of thought in which, from the time he is understood to have given to it, and from its own exceeding imperfection, he would have been most likely to work out some great regeneration, is the philosophy of international law. Yet it stands very nearly where it did: and Sir James Mackintosh does not seem even to have attempted to introduce new principles, into a mass of rule and custom that is still, in a great degree, what it was made by the necessities or ignorance of our semi-barbarous forefathers. He seems to us, in short, to be distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without any thing of poetical imagination.

#### ON A BOAT AT SEA, SEEN FROM THE NEEDLES' LIGHT-HOUSE.

My heart goes with thee, little boat,  
Along that sparkling sea,  
And oh! methinks 'tis sweet to float  
On those fair waves like thee.

Thou seem'st to have a pulse of life,  
A gentle thrill of pleasure,—  
But nought of tumult, toil, or strife  
To break thy sportive leisure.

Thy sunny sail and tilting prow  
Flit gaily o'er the ocean,  
And through its swell their shadow throw  
With fond and graceful motion:

But airy though thou seem'st, and light  
As butterfly in heaven,  
As forest leaf—or elfin sprite,—  
A toy to young winds given,

The sea's white blossom as thou art,  
Or bubble of its foam,

That boundless world, a human heart,  
In thee hath found a home.

I see not him thy helm who guides,  
And trims thy tiny sail,  
Thou gladd'st my gaze, but nought besides,  
Tells me thy steersman's tale.

And yet in thee are hopes and fears,  
The yearnings Nature gives,  
Remembrances of joys and tears,  
Which cling to all that lives,—

And thoughts perhaps of holy mood,  
And aspirations high,  
The inward sense of Truth and Good,  
And human sympathy;—

The image these of him whose voice  
Ordain'd the ark should be,—  
Therefore, O little boat, rejoice,—  
God also is with thee.

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## THE MOLE-CATCHER.

BY MISS MITFORD.

**T**HERE are no more delightful or unfailing associations than those afforded by the various operations of the husbandman, and the changes on the fair face of nature. We all know that busy troops of reapers come with the yellow corn; whilst the yellow leaf brings a no less busy train of ploughmen and seedsmen preparing the ground for fresh harvests; that woodbines and wild roses, flaunting in the blossomy hedgerows, give token of the gay bands of haymakers which enliven the meadows; and that the primroses, which begin to unfold their pale stars by the side of the green lanes, bear marks of the slow and weary female processions, the gangs of tired yet talkative bean-setters, who defile twice a day through the intricate mazes of our cross-country roads. These are general associations, as well known and as universally recognised as the union of mince-pies and Christmas. I have one, more private and peculiar—one, perhaps, the more strongly impressed on my mind, because the impression may be almost confined to myself. The full flush of violets which, about the middle of March, seldom fails to perfume the whole country, always brings to my recollection one solitary and silent coadjutor of the husbandman's labours, as unlike a violet as possible—Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher.

I used to meet him every spring, when we lived at our old house, whose park-like paddock, with its finely clumped oaks and elms, and its richly timbered hedgerows, edging into wild, rude, and solemn fir-plantations, dark, and rough, and hoary, formed for so many years my constant and favourite walk. Here, especially under the great horse-chestnut, and where the bank rose high and naked above the lane, crowned only with a tuft of golden

broom—here the sweetest and prettiest of wild flowers, whose very name hath a charm, grew like a carpet under one's feet, enamelling the young green grass with their white and purple blossoms, and loading the very air with their delicious fragrance—here I used to come almost every morning, during the violet-tide—and here almost every morning I was sure to meet Isaac Bint.

I think that he fixed himself the more firmly in my memory by his singular discrepancy with the beauty and cheerfulness of the scenery and the season. Isaac is a tall, lean, gloomy personage, with whom the clock of life seems to stand still. He has looked sixty-five for these last twenty years, although his dark hair and beard, and firm manly stride, almost contradict the evidence of his sunken cheeks and deeply lined forehead. The stride is awful: he hath the stalk of a ghost. His whole air and demeanour savour of one that comes from under-ground. His appearance is "of the earth, earthy." His clothes, hands, and face are of the colour of the mould in which he delves. The little round traps which hang behind him over one shoulder, as well as the strings of dead moles which embellish the other, are encrusted with dirt like a tombstone; and the staff which he plunges into the little hillocks, by which he traces the course of his small quarry, returns a hollow sound, as if tapping on the lid of a coffin. Images of the churchyard come, one does not know how, with his presence. Indeed he does officiate as assistant to the sexton in his capacity of grave-digger, chosen, as it should seem, from a natural fitness—a fine sense of congruity in good Joseph Reed, the functionary in question, who felt, without knowing why, that, of all men in the parish, Isaac Bint was best fitted to that solemn office.

His remarkable gift of silence adds much to the impression made by this remarkable figure. I don't think that I ever heard him speak three words in my life. An approach of that bony hand to that earthy leather cap was the greatest effort of courtesy that my daily salutations could extort from him. For this silence, Isaac has reasons good. He bath a reputation to support. His words are too precious to be wasted. Our mole-catcher, ragged as he looks, is the wise man of the village, the oracle of the village-inn, foresees the weather, charms away agues, tells fortunes by the stars, and writes notes upon the almanack—turning and twisting about the predictions after a fashion so ingenious, that it's a moot point which is oftenest wrong—Isaac Bint, or Francis Moore. In one eminent instance, our friend was, however, eminently right. He had the good luck to prophesy, before sundry witnesses—some of them sober—in the tap-room of the Bell—he then sitting, pipe in mouth, on the settle at the right-hand side of the fire, whilst Jacob Frost occupied the left;—he had the good fortune to foretell, on New Year's Day 1812, the downfall of Napoleon Buonaparte—a piece of soothsayership which has established his reputation, and dumfounded all doubters and cavillers ever since; but which would certainly have been more striking if he had not annually uttered the same prediction from the same place, from the time the aforesaid Napoleon became first consul. But this small circumstance is entirely overlooked by Isaac and his admirers, and they believe in him, and he believes in the stars, more firmly than ever.

Our mole-catcher is, as might be conjectured, an old bachelor. Your married man hath more of this world about him—is less, so to say, planet-struck. A thorough old bachelor is Isaac, a contemner and maligner of the sex, a complete and decided woman-hater. Female frailty is the only subject on which he hath ever been known to dilate: he will not

even charm away their agues, or tell their fortunes, and, indeed, holds them to be unworthy the notice of the stars.

No woman contaminates his household. He lives on the edge of a pretty bit of woodland scenery, called the Penge, in a snug cottage of two rooms, of his own building, surrounded by a garden cribbed from the waste, well fenced with quickset, and well stocked with fruit-trees, herbs, and flowers. One large apple-tree extends over the roof—a pretty bit of colour when in blossom, contrasted with the thatch of the little dwelling, and relieved by the dark wood behind. Although the owner be solitary, his demesne is sufficiently populous. A long row of bee-hives extends along the warmest side of the garden—for Isaac's honey is celebrated far and near; a pig occupies a commodious sty at one corner; and large flocks of ducks and geese (for which the Penge, whose glades are intersected by water, is famous) are generally waiting round a back gate leading to a spacious shed, far larger than Isaac's own cottage, which serves for their feeding and roosting-place. The great tameness of all these creatures—for the ducks and geese flutter round him the moment he approaches, and the very pig follows him like a dog—gives no equivocal testimony of the kindness of our mole-catcher's nature. A circumstance of recent occurrence puts his humanity beyond doubt.

Amongst the probable causes of Isaac's dislike to women, may be reckoned the fact of his living in a female neighbourhood (for the Penge is almost peopled with duck-rearers and goose-crammers of the duck and goose gender), and being himself exceedingly unpopular amongst the fair poultry-feeders of that watery vicinity. He beat them at their own weapons; produced at Midsummer geese fit for Michaelmas; and raised ducks so precocious, that the gardeners complained of them as forerunning their vegetable accompaniments; and "panting *peas* toiled after them

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in vain." In short, the Naiads of the Penge had the mortification to find themselves driven out of B—— market by an interloper, and that interloper a man, who had no manner of right to possess any skill in an accomplishment so exclusively feminine as duck-rearing; and being no ways inferior in another female accomplishment, called scolding, to their sister-nymphs of Billingsgate, they set up a clamour and a cackle which might rival the din of their own geoseries at feeding-time, and which would have driven from the field any competitor less impenetrable than our hero. But Isaac is not a man to shrink from so small an evil as female oburgation. He stalked through it all in mute disdain—looking now at his mole-traps, and now at the stars—pretending not to hear, and very probably not hearing. At first this scorn, more provoking than any retort, only excited his enemies to fresh attacks; but one cannot be always answering another person's silence. The flame which had blazed so fiercely, at last burnt itself out, and peace reigned once more in the green alleys of Penge wood.

One, however, of his adversaries—his nearest neighbour—still remained unsilenced.

Margery Grover was a very old and poor woman, whom age and disease had bent almost to the earth; shaken by palsy, pinched by penury, and soured by misfortune—a moving bundle of misery and rags. Two centuries ago she would have been burnt for a witch; now she starved and grumbled on the parish allowance; trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by the dubious profits gained from the produce of two geese and a lame gander, once the unmoled tenants of a greenish pool, situate right between her dwelling and Isaac's; but whose watery dominion had been invaded by his flourishing colony.

This was the cause of feud; and although Isaac would willingly, from a mingled sense of justice and of pity, have yielded the point to the

poor old creature, especially as ponds are there almost as plentiful as blackberries, yet it was not so easy to control the habits and inclinations of their feathered subjects, who all perversely fancied that particular pool; and various accidents and skirmishes occurred, in which the ill-fed and weak birds of Margery had generally the worst of the fray. One of her early goslings was drowned—an accident which may happen even to water-fowl; and her lame gander, a sort of pet with the poor old woman, injured in his well leg; and Margery vented curses as bitter as those of Sycorax; and Isaac, certainly the most superstitious personage in the parish—the most thorough believer in his own gifts and predictions—was fain to nail a horse-shoe on his door for the defence of his property, and to wear one of his own ague-charms about his neck for his personal protection.

Poor old Margery! A hard winter came; and the feeble, tottering creature shook in the frosty air like an aspen-leaf; and the hovel in which she dwelt—for nothing could prevail on her to try the shelter of the work-house—shook like herself at every blast. She was not quite alone either in the world or in her poor hut: husband, children, and grandchildren had passed away; but one young and innocent being—a great grandson, the last of her descendants—remained a helpless dependent on one almost as helpless as himself.

Little Harry Grover was a shrunken, stunted boy, of five years old—tattered and squalid, like his grandame, and, at first sight, presented almost as miserable a specimen of childhood, as Margery herself did of age. There was even a likeness between them; although the fierce blue eye of Margery had, in the boy, a mild appealing look, which entirely changed the whole expression of the countenance. A gentle and a peaceful boy was Harry, and, above all, a useful. It was wonderful how many ears of corn in the autumn, and sticks in the winter, his little hands

could pick up ! how well he could make a fire, and boil the kettle, and sweep the hearth, and cram the goslings ! Never was a handier boy or a trustier ; and when the united effects of cold, and age, and rheumatism confined poor Margery to her poor bed, the child continued to perform his accustomed offices—fetching the money from the vestry, buying the loaf at the baker's, keeping house, and nursing the sick woman with a kindness and thoughtfulness, which none but those who know the careful ways to which necessity trains cottage children would deem credible ; and Margery, a woman of strong passions, strong prejudices, and strong affections, who had lived in and for the desolate boy, felt the approach of death embittered by the certainty that the workhouse, always the scene of her dread and loathing, would be the only refuge for the poor orphan.

Death, however, came on visibly and rapidly ; and she sent for the overseer to beseech him to put Harry to board in some decent cottage ; she

could not die in peace until he had promised ; the fear of the innocent child's being contaminated by wicked boys and godless women preyed upon her soul ; she implored—she conjured. The overseer, a kind but timid man, hesitated, and was beginning a puzzled speech about the bench and the vestry, when another voice was heard from the door of the cottage.

"Margery," said our friend Isaac, "will you trust Harry to me ? I am a poor man, to be sure ; but, between earning and saving, there'll be enough for me and little Harry. 'Tis as good a boy as ever lived, and I'll try to keep him so. Trust him to me, and I'll be a father to him. I can't say more."

"God bless thee, Isaac Bint ! God bless thee !" was all poor Margery could reply.

They were the last words she ever spoke. And little Harry is living with our good mole-catcher, and is growing plump and rosy ; and Margery's other pet, the lame gander, lives and thrives with them too.

## VERSES

By Mrs. C. E. Richardson.

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE HINDOOSTANEE AIR, WRITTEN BY T. BAYLEY, ESQ. BEGINNING

*"She never blamed him—never !"*

The following were almost literally the expressions of a Mahometan mother bewailing her child. She was a servant of the author's, and, for an Arab, a person of superior intellect. From her association with Europeans, she had begun to question the purity and infallibility of her Prophet's creed, and her child's fate naturally gave birth to a new solicitude.

WHERE went my sweet Ameerin  
When the angel's summons came ?  
Well I know she is not hearing !  
But I love to speak her name.  
She knew that she was dying,  
For she falter'd, "Do not grieve !  
Mother dearest ! I am trying  
Moussul Ali to believe."

False Imaum ! could the purest,  
Gentlest, sweetest of her kind,  
In the world to which thou lurest,  
Meet companions hope to find ?

Oh forgive ! what am I saying—  
Whither has my phrenzy led ?  
Through forbidden wilds I'm straying,  
Only knowing—she is dead !

She was my pride and treasure—  
Youth and beauty crown'd her brow ;  
She was happy beyond measure—  
Oh ! is she happy now ?  
See ! scatter'd round are lying  
Gems that mock'd her brighter bloom,  
Useless—worthless !—nought replying  
But the silence of the tomb.

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## KIATIB-OGLOO, AND THE SMYRNA RESIDENTS.

ASIA MINOR has with much truth been denominated, by many a traveller, the garden of the world. The peculiar beauty and variety of the scenery with which it abounds, the perfection of its regular and temperate climate, the richness and fertility of its soil—all combine in forming of this country a terrestrial paradise, to complete which the polishing hand of civilization is alone wanting. Smyrna, its capital, situated not far from the spot which gave birth to Homer, boasts of commercial advantages which have made it a place of the first importance to the mercantile world. The convenient anchorage of its spacious bay, and the facility of its communications with the remotest parts of the interior, have naturally pointed out this city as the general mart of home productions, of European manufactures, and of colonial produce. Its trade with England alone is tenfold more considerable than that which is carried on with all the other ports of Turkey together. Its population, including the Franks, (as they call there all the Europeans, and others wearing their costume,) is computed at two hundred thousand. It was for a long series of years governed by a Moossellim, or civil governor, and a municipal council composed of eight Ayans, or magistrates, presided over by a Mollah, or judge, and called the Mehkiemmay. A Moossellim, being invested merely with annual authority, has not the power of putting to death the Sultan's subjects, without the legal sanction of the Mehkiemmay. It is the possession of horse-tails which alone confers an arbitrary exercise of that odious power, so liable to abuses in the hands of barbarians; and the number of the tails, from one to three, defines the rank of a Pasha, and also indicates the number of heads he is allowed to dispose of per diem, without the liability of being called upon for any explanation of motives. Smyrna

was the only place of importance in Turkey, which was allowed for any series of years to be governed upon principles of a constitutional tendency; and it owed this advantage to the influence and power of the old established house of the Kara-Osman-Ogloos, whose ancient rights of feudalism, in this province, had never been, till very lately, disputed by the Porte. With the fall of the last remnant of that celebrated race, in 1818, the system has changed, and a Pasha of three tails has been appointed to govern this city and its dependencies for the future.

The mercantile and industrious habits of the Smyrniots, and their constant intercourse with Europeans from an early period of their lives, have given a greater polish to their manners, and a readier disposition to good fellowship with strangers, than are observable among the Turks of other parts. Disturbances have indeed sometimes taken place at Smyrna, but they were invariably occasioned by disorderly recruits coming from the interior of Asia Minor for the purpose of embarkation, and by ferocious Candiot adventurers, over whom the Moossellims could exercise but little control. The property and persons of Europeans were, however, always scrupulously respected on similar occasions, and the depredations of the licentious rabble were confined to the defenceless Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. One exception, however, to the good feeling generally manifested towards the Franks, is too remarkable not to be here noticed; but it will be seen that great provocation was given, and as the occurrence alluded to took place so far back as the year 1797, the time which has since elapsed, if not sufficient to operate any great change in the character of the Turks, has, at least, improved its polish in a remarkable degree.

A strolling company of rope-dancers arrived at Smyrna in the



year above mentioned, and immediately hired an appropriate space, surrounded with high palings, in which they commenced their exhibitions. A set of Janissaries, acting as the customary guard of honour to one of the foreign consuls, had been stationed at the entrance of the enclosure for the purpose of keeping order; and the interposition of their authority was rendered necessary by the clamours of several sailors, who were attempting to force their way through without payment. They were at last beaten off, and, enraged at the treatment they had received, determined on revenge. Their vessel (an Ionian, then under the protection of the Venetian republic) being close at hand, they speedily repaired on board, armed themselves with pistols and blunderbusses, returned to the spot, and fired a volley on the unsuspecting Janissaries, one of whom alone was killed; after performing this valorous exploit, they ran off and took refuge in the Venetian consul's house. This *fracas* naturally disturbed the numerous audience within, composed of Franks and Turks, and when the particulars became known among them, the greatest confusion took place. The former were seized with the apprehension that the Turks, all armed, (according to the fashion of that period,) would, in the heat of the moment, fall on them, and revenge upon their heads the death of the Mahometan. There was, therefore, such a general scampering off, such rushing for safety under benches, such a precipitate climbing over the palings, that the Turks themselves, forgetting the cause, stood gazing on the comic scene with feelings of merriment. The next day, however, the whole populace made common cause against the unjustifiable outrage, and proceeded *en masse* to the Mehkiemmay, where they insisted that the most guilty party should be claimed of his consul, in order to receive that public punishment which alone could atone for the murder of a Mahometan. But the Venetian consul, fearful lest

the privileges to which his countrymen in Turkey were entitled, should be compromised by too speedy a compliance with the just demand of the Turks, and overawed, perhaps, by the threats of the very Ionians themselves, who had taken refuge in his house, endeavoured to gain time, and proposed that the matter should be referred to the higher powers at Constantinople for decision. The people, however, were not easily to be diverted from their purpose; the delays opposed to them by the consul's hesitation irritated them the more, and threats of destruction were held out to the whole European community, if justice were not speedily done. In vain did the consuls of other nations press their Venetian colleague to give way to the dictates of a justly irritated and infuriated populace; finding their pressing remonstrances not likely to avert the threatened danger, every one then bethought himself of his own safety, and the foreign merchant vessels in the harbour (for unluckily there was no European ship-of-war present at that moment) were soon filled with Frank families and their removeable property. On the fourth day of the fruitless negotiation, the Frank part of the town was, as early as five o'clock in the morning, filled with several thousands of armed Turks; their first act of violence was setting fire to the Venetian consul's house, but it had been evacuated on the previous night, and all the neighbouring houses being equally empty, the fire soon spread itself to a frightful extent. It raged with unabated fury for three days and nights, and at last extinguished itself after having destroyed the greater portion of the European houses. During this time many skirmishes took place between parties of Slavonian and Ionian sailors, who came from their ships for the purpose of amusing themselves with sport, against the numerous bands of Turks; the latter were invariably forced to retire with precipitation from the field of battle, after leaving behind them many dead and

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wounded, whom the victors took up and threw into the nearest flames. The Turks being at last satisfied with their vengeance, and tired of a state of warfare in which they had so seldom the advantage, retired to their quarters as soon as the fire had consumed almost every thing devoted to it. The Franks then gradually ventured on shore : most of them possessing country houses, repaired thither, and a week after the most profound tranquillity was re-established. From that time to the present day, the British Government has made of Smyrna bay a fixed station for a ship-of-war, and the utility of that measure has been seen not only when war broke out in 1806, between England and Turkey, but also during the disturbances which took place at the commencement of the Greek insurrection, when many English and other Franks might have been confounded with Greeks, and treated accordingly, had not a naval force overawed the seditious rabble, and made them careful of committing any such wilful mistakes. It ought to be mentioned here that the excesses to which the rage of the populace carried them on this occasion were loudly condemned by all the respectable Turks, who not only used every possible effort to prevent them, but, when they found it impossible to preserve the public peace, gave secret warning to all their Frank acquaintances of what was likely to take place, opened their houses to them, and treated all those who accepted the offer of their protection with the kindest hospitality during the whole time of danger.

Among the most forward in testifying their anxiety for the safety of their European friends, was the late highly and deservedly popular Moosselim, Kiatib-Ogloo, the particulars of whose subsequent life have filled an important page in the history of Smyrna. He was then a young man; and, being brought up in the business of a general merchant, his intercourse with the Franks had been such as to give him a taste for their more en-

lightened ways, and to remove from him in no small degree the roughness of those habits and manners which is almost inherent in Mahometanism. His wealth, and the consideration it gave him in the place, enabled him in 1807 to offer himself as a candidate for the government; and as it came to the knowledge of the Porte that he was rich, it was proposed to him that he should purchase the investment of that authority for the space of three years, and pay for the whole period in anticipation. Kiatib-Ogloo agreed to this with much willingness. The mildness and equitable principles of his administration were soon felt by every description of the inhabitants, and it was supposed that the Porte would allow him to retain the Moossellimlick so long as he chose to remain in office. But it was soon found on this occasion, as, indeed, it ought to have been discovered on many preceding ones, that the views of a Turkish Sultan's government have no reference to the welfare of his subjects. In that country the great foundation of Imperial rule is in the subservieney of others. The Sultan reigns for his own personal purposes and gratification, and looks upon all others as beings formed for his convenience and pleasure; nothing can be more foreign to the notions of this arrogant despot than the propriety or utility of any measure consonant with the wishes of his people, or tending to their prosperity.

Towards the close of the second year of Kiatib-Ogloo's government, it was officially notified to him from Constantinople, that a person had been appointed to succeed him for the following year. Kiatib-Ogloo immediately submitted to the Porte that as he had purchased the office for three years, either he should be allowed to finish his time, or a proportionable amount of the purchase-money be returned to him. Upon which he was told that the Vizier of that period (since dead) had received his money, and he must claim it of him; and that the Sultan's orders

must, meanwhile, be obeyed. A petition to the Sultan was now got up at Smyrna, which prayed that Kiatib-Ogloo, for the reasons of his justly acquired popularity and the wisdom of his government, should be confirmed in his office: it was signed by every Turk within the city and its jurisdiction, and supported by the all-powerful Kara-Osman-Ogloo himself. The Sultan, however, remained inexorable; and the Janissaries of Smyrna, enraged at his obstinacy in refusing to listen to representations in behalf of their favourite chief, all rose, and publicly declared that no one else should be suffered by them to take his place. This turn had not been anticipated in the *seraglio*; and as the country was then involved in a disastrous war against the Russians, which necessarily absorbed all the military resources of the state, it was deemed necessary to give way. In order to make it appear that this concession had not been extorted by popular clamour, and the better to conceal any intention of future vengeance on the author of it, the governor's confirmation was notified to Kiatib-Ogloo by means of a *Hattisheriff*, or autograph letter of the Sultan; a mode which, in Turkey, implies the highest possible enjoyment of sovereign favour that can fall to the lot of a subject. Sultan Mahinood was at that period young on the throne; his personal character, and the principles of his internal policy, were not yet understood by his people; and Kiatib-Ogloo, as well as every other Turk in Smyrna, accounted in various ways for the sudden change of his sentiments on this occasion, without, however, thinking of any detraction from the respect due to the character of a *Hattisheriff*, which contains the sacred word of Mahomet's descendant. A repeated confirmation of Kiatib-Ogloo for several years after, induced him to place confidence in the favour of his sovereign, which he neglected nothing, consistent with his duty to the public, to appear worthy of. One day, during the summer of 1817, a

Turkish fleet, composed of eight ships of the line, several frigates, brigs, and transports, unexpectedly arrived at Smyrna from Constantinople, and anchored close to the shore. The Captain-Pasha, or High-Admiral, who commanded it in person, was (as most frequently happens with men in power in Turkey) a man of small beginnings, and had formerly been a *protégé* of Kiatib-Ogloo, to whose assistance and good offices he was, indeed, indebted for the high station he now held. The Turks are habitually as profuse in their testimonies of gratitude, as they are ready to turn treacherously against their benefactors when their own interest requires it, or the will of their superiors ordains it. This man had, in the height of his prosperity, so frequently evinced his grateful recollection of the services he had formerly received from Kiatib-Ogloo, that the latter could not look upon him otherwise than as one who was sincerely devoted to him through sentiments of gratitude and friendship. His sudden arrival, therefore, far from being a cause of alarm to the unsuspecting governor, was a subject of congratulation, and he hastened on board to welcome the Pasha. He met with the friendly reception he had been taught to expect, and was invited to renew his visit at an appointed hour the next day, in order to accompany the admiral on his landing. The extraordinary authority with which the Captain-Pasha is invested, gives him the power of absolute sovereignty in every place in the empire to which he repairs, and where the Sultan is not present; the local government is invariably resigned to him for the time of his stay. Conformably to this well-known custom, on the very night of his arrival at Smyrna, he landed six thousand men, who scattered themselves in strong and well-armed parties throughout the town, and also garrisoned the fortress. Kiatib-Ogloo was still far from suspecting any sinister intentions from these preparations of rather an unusual magnitude, and confidently

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returned to the admiral's vessel on the following day. The instant he set his foot upon deck, he was seized, bound, and hurried to the other side of the vessel, where a boat, which was in readiness, received him, and conveyed him to a frigate anchored at some distance from the fleet. Here he was immediately put in irons, and confined to a solitary cabin. Whilst he was left to ruminate on the sudden change of his fortunes and condition, and on the fate which seemed to await him, his friend the Pasha landed in state, convoked the municipal authorities and foreign consuls, made known to them that it was the will and pleasure of the Sultan that Kiatib-Ogloo should suffer death, and informed them that from that time forward the city should be governed by a Pasha of three tails.

Kiatib-Ogloo, whose intercourse with the Frank society had considerably increased since his accession to the governorship, had made himself a great favourite among them by the affability of his manners, divested entirely of Mahometan pomp, gravity, and etiquette. No ball, concert, or assembly, was given by the consuls and principal foreign merchants, to which he was not invited; and in return, he gave them magnificent fêtes at his country seat, situated not far from the Frank quarter. His catastrophe was, therefore, to all the Franks, a subject of such deep regret, that his more intimate friends, Mr. Werry, the British Consul, and Mr. Wilkinson, the Swedish Consul-General, were easily prevailed upon to wait on the Pasha in the name of the whole European community, and offer any terms for his life. The Pasha assured these gentlemen that what had been done was as much against his own wish as theirs; that the Sultan had reserved this punishment to Kiatib-Ogloo until a favourable opportunity occurred, ever since his disobedience in refusing to give up the government of the place; that the Sultan was inflexible in this matter, and in ordering this formidable expedition to insure the execution of

his will, had made him (the Pasha) answerable for the slightest deviation from his instructions. Thus poor Kiatib-Ogloo was unavoidably left to his fate. The frigate took him to an uninhabited part of the coast of Mitylene, where he was landed and strangled on the beach. His head was then severed from its body, and sent to figure at the gates of the *seraglio* with the usual inscription affixed to those of "disobedient slaves" and traitors. All his property at Smyrna was confiscated on behalf of the Porte, his harem exiled, and his two brothers (also holding public offices in the place) spoliated, ordered to go and reside elsewhere, and forbidden ever to return to Smyrna without the express permission of the court.

Having adverted to the sacred character attached to a *Hattisheriff*, and the profound veneration in which it has ever been held by the Turks of all ranks, it may not be out of place that I should briefly relate here the particulars of another curious instance of the deceptive purposes for which the Sultan Mahmood thinks it so apt to serve.

Remiz-Pasha had been promoted to the eminent post of High-Admiral during the short reign of Mahmood's brother and predecessor Sultan Moustapha, and had directed the bombardment of the Janissar-Aga's palace at Constantinople during the insurrection of the Janissaries, which, in 1808, led to the accession of the present Sultan to the throne. Having thus rendered himself obnoxious to the then triumphant faction, it became of course necessary that he should be removed from the capital, and he was sent to the Grand Vizier's camp at Shoomla with the title of Lieutenant-general of the army. Here he distinguished himself in several skirmishes with the Russians; and his bravery made him so careless of his own safety that he was at last taken prisoner and sent to St. Petersburg. After the conclusion of peace, Remiz-Pasha felt by no means sure of returning with any se-

curity to Constantinople, and he wrote to some of his friends there, requesting they would lay his case before the Sultan and take his opinion on it. The answer he received was a *Hattisheriff*, in which the Sultan not only assured him he had no longer to fear the hatred of the Janissaries, but notified to him his appointment to the post of Grand Vizier, and desired him to hasten to the capital in order to assume the functions of that eminent station. The Pasha obeyed his sovereign's commands without hesitation, and soon appeared at the frontiers of the Ottoman States. For some reason, however, which has never been properly known, it was by no means the Sultan's wish that Remiz-Pasha should ever reach again his capital; and the *Hattisheriff*, as well as the nomination it announced, was expressly employed as a snare for him. Instructions had been at the same time despatched to the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia; and a company of a hundred Turks sent to each of them, with orders that they should act exactly as the princes should find it advisable from circumstances to direct. The commission entrusted to the late humane and excellent Prince Callimachi of Moldavia,\* was one in which he felt by no means disposed to act, and he artfully contrived to let the execution of it fall into the hands of his less scrupulous colleague of Wallachia. Remiz-Pasha, therefore, after having met at Yassi with the reception due to his rank, passed on to Buckarest. A numerous guard of honour, in which the hundred Turks were included, with secret instructions to put the Pasha to death, went a few miles out of town to meet him, and the state carriage of the Hospodar was also sent to receive him. This carriage is one of peculiar construc-

tion, and does not conceal any part of the persons sitting in it. The Turks took up a favourable position, stationing themselves in such a manner as to be certain of not missing their aim. When the coach, with the Vizier in it, came abreast of them, a volley of no less than a hundred muskets was fired into it, which not only pierced the unfortunate victim with several balls, but also killed the Hospodar's Greek master of ceremonies, who attended him in it, the coachman, and several other attendants, as well as horses. The confusion which ensued may easily be imagined. I was among the immense number of spectators, of all ranks and conditions, who had come out of the city to witness the ceremony of the Grand Vizier's approach; and, seated on horseback, I was conversing with a very beautiful Greek young lady, betrothed to the master of ceremonies who had gone on to meet the Pasha in the Hospodar's coach. We were in sight of the scene of this horrid butchery; and perceiving the confusion and cries which followed the unexpected firing, it was impossible for us not to guess at once the cause. The poor girl instantly leaped out of her landau, and, with frantic screams, ran towards the spot, to learn the fatal truth of what had taken place. Several persons went after her, and could not stop her without using force. She was, with great difficulty, conveyed back to her carriage, where she fell into a swoon, and in that condition she was hurried home. When her fears, on the next day, received the dreaded confirmation, she shut herself up in her room, and remained there for two years, receiving no visits but those of her nearest relatives, and hardly taking food †

Remiz-Pasha's body was taken to Roostchiok, a Turkish town on the

\* He was beheaded with the immense number of his countrymen who perished by the Turkish sabre at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, accused of no other crime than that of being Greeks!

† This beautiful girl, who had from her infancy felt an attachment for the Greek killed on this occasion, was the sister of Michael Sutzio, who, subsequently appointed Hospodar of Moldavia, joined the Prince Alexander Ypsilanti in the early part of the Greek Revolution.

right bank of the Danube, to receive burial; but his head was not, as is customary, sent to Constantinople to figure at the gates of the seraglio; from this peculiar circumstance it is inferred that the Sultan's hatred of him arose from some personal cause to which the sanction of political expediency could not be publicly given.

There are other instances without number which occur in Mahmood's reign, of *Hattisheriffs* written with no other view than to disguise real intentions, and to convert well-grounded suspicion into confidence, in order to strike unawares, and with more certainty of success. A history of them would certainly fill up a good-sized quarto, and might prove a great curiosity in literature, and in the annals of Mahometan barbarism.\* That the Sultan should continue to have recourse to such a system of perfidy, is not so much to be wondered at, as the infatuation and wilful blindness of many of his subjects, who still suffer themselves to be the dupes of an artifice so often exploded.

It is a fact not less positive than it may seem incredible to those who have had no ocular demonstration of it, that the existence of the most perfect model of a Republic is to be traced in the very country where despotism reigns with most unbounded sway, and in the very midst of the most hideous abuses of arbitrary power. Such, however, is to be denominated the political condition of the European subjects of different states, who have colonised a portion of the city of Smyrna, where they are found occupying a town almost entirely their own, in which the flags of all the maritime powers of Europe daily flow over foreign consulates, as if to assert a jurisdiction distinct from that of the legal possessors of the land. Independent, by ancient treaties with the Porte,

of Turkish laws and local authorities, they are exempted from all kinds of taxes and contributions; and even their landed property is allowed to partake of these as well as other privileges. Amenable to no other judicial tribunals than those of the consuls of their respective nations, through their official channel alone have they to answer the claims of the native subjects, and the grievances of the Turkish magistrates. Their children, and farther descendants born in Turkey, are not on that account considered as subjects of the Sultan; and unless they have once consented to pay the *haratsh*, or capitation-tax, they are acknowledged and respected as subjects of their fathers' sovereign. A great number of English, French, Dutch, and Italian merchants, and others, have long been established residents at Smyrna.† They have constituted themselves into factories, under the sanction of their respective governments, presided by their consuls, having their own public notaries, treasurers, chaplains, churches, hospitals, and burial-places; and many individuals among them possess freehold estates in lands, houses, and other buildings. The means of education afforded by the place not being such as to inculcate in their children those national predilections which it is proper they should entertain for the mother-country, they are invariably sent there for a certain number of years; most of them return to the place of their parents' residence, and devote themselves to the profession of commerce. The close intimacy and intercourse this state of things has naturally occasioned among the Franks, has given rise to international marriages, which have, in the course of time, almost formed one extensive family of them; and if new residents did not outnumber the deceased, there would be few persons who by this time were not closely related to

\* Such a work might serve as an answer to the many advocates that "our ancient ally" has lately met with in England.

† The Dutch Consulate at Smyrna has been made hereditary in the family of Count de Hochepeid more than a hundred years since.



each other. The language universally adopted in this society is the French, and it is spoken with extraordinary correctness; but all the Frank children are brought up in the habit of speaking Greek Turkish, and Italian besides, and many, of course, are taught English. Their manners and customs have become a mixture of those of every European country; and their spacious and commodious houses are fitted up on the same principle. During the winter season, dinners, musical *soirées*, card-parties, balls, and private theatricals, are the principal amusements. There is a casino, or splendid club-house, where its members, composed of the most respectable Franks of the place, resort of an evening to read the daily and periodical journals of every part of Europe, to play at whist or billiards, or to pass the time in conversation. Balls are given here once a week throughout the carnival at the expense of the members, each of whom is at liberty to introduce as many strangers as he pleases. The number of persons who attend them often exceeds six hundred.

Without seeming aware of the political form which a society so constituted has gradually assumed, the Franks have unconsciously acquired the habits of republicans; and their love of freedom, so far from having been affected by the manifestation of those excesses of despotism which they are every day doomed to witness, on the contrary, gathers new force from the hatred that so frequent a display of it is calculated to inspire.

Such are the peaceable and worthy members of the Frank commonwealth at Smyrna, whose kind hospitality I have frequently experienced, and among whom I have spent the happiest days of my life. In thus expressing the affectionate recollection I shall ever be bound to entertain for the generality of them,

I owe it to truth not to overlook the fact, that there are among them persons who, long invested with the consular authority, and many years accustomed to the trust more extensively reposed in them in Turkey than in other countries, from peculiar circumstances already mentioned, have acquired habits of arrogance and command very inconsistent with the limited nature of their official attributes. But if this propensity of some consuls for an encroachment of power receive not that check to which it is legally liable from the very persons whom it is most calculated to affect, it must be confessed that the fault lies chiefly with the latter. Whilst I was at Smyrna in 1824, a remarkable occurrence took place, the curious particulars of which will perhaps tend to give strength to the above remarks:—

A Greek Rayah merchant, long persecuted by the Pasha (as had been almost all the Greeks of the place after the breaking out of the insurrection in Greece) received information one day that he was to be immediately seized and beheaded. He lost no time in putting his person in safety by repairing on board his Majesty's ship the *Hind*, at that moment the only British ship of war in port, commanded by Captain Lord John Churchill. Some days after, an Ionian vessel lying close to the *Hind*, being on the point of sailing, Lord John sent the Greek refugee on board, with directions that he should be landed at the nearest place of safety in the Archipelago. A Turkish guard accompanied by an officer attached to the British consulate, soon after came to the Ionian vessel for the purpose of examining the list of her passengers, and their written permits to leave the port.\* The refugee, not having taken the precaution of concealing himself during this visit, and, having no permit to exhibit, was seized by the Turks and thrust into their boat. Whilst

\* This regulation has only been established since the Greek insurrection, for the purpose, I suppose, of preventing the unfortunate persecuted Greeks from making their escape.

they were conveying him on shore to the office of the Consul, Lord John Churchill, who had watched all these proceedings from his quarter-deck, speedily sent his own boat, well manned, after the Turks, from whose hands the poor Greek was rescued without difficulty, and brought back safe to the Hind. When the report of what had taken place was made to his Britannic Majesty's Consul, this gentleman thought proper to fly into a violent passion. He summoned the Ionian captain before him, and after upbraiding him for disobedience to his commands, in having received into his vessel a person not legally authorised to depart, ordered him to prison as a punishment for this violation of his duty. Now, it is necessary to say here that the prison of the English consulate at Smyrna is a small, dark cell, in which confinement for any time is a punishment sufficient for crimes much heavier than the mere deviation from a consul's regulations. Lord John, on hearing what had befallen the Ionian, immediately addressed a letter to the Consul in explanation of what had taken place; and as his Lordship was properly the responsible person, he requested that the Ionian should be set at liberty, and a complaint addressed to himself, should there appear any sufficient ground for one. Not receiving any answer from the Consul, he repeated his application, and then a verbal message was returned, purporting that the Consul was performing his own duty, which he understood perfectly, and he saw no reason for Lord John Churchill's interference. The naval commander, offended at the injustice of the proceeding itself, and at the contemptuous manner in which his representation was treated, replied in writing that if the prisoner was not set at liberty within a given time, he would land with his marines and take him by force. He was again verbally informed that the

Consul should put himself at the head of his own *Turkish Janissaries*, and give his Lordship and his marines the reception they deserved. The landing was therefore resolved upon, and took place at eight o'clock at night. Meanwhile every preparation was made in the consular-house to oppose a determined resistance to the attack. Lord John knocked at the marine gate, and was told that it should be opened to no one but himself; a parley ensued, in which it was finally agreed that his Lordship and his attending officer should be alone admitted. A violent dispute now arose between the parties, who resorted to high words. The Consul's anger, it seems, was raised above all means of control. He told Lord John that if his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough himself, had used him in a similar manner, he would have met with the same return. They separated, however, without taking any decisive step; and Lord John, whose sole object had been to intimidate the Consul into compliance by the display of a military force, returned on board with his marines to meditate on farther proceedings. It happened very opportunely that the *Euryalus* frigate came in early on the following morning, and Captain Clifford, who commanded her, being senior officer to Lord John, undertook the discussion of this extraordinary business. It was finally settled on the conditions that the Ionian captain should be liberated and allowed to proceed on his voyage; and that the Greek, among whose creditors were several merchants of the British factory, should be delivered up to the Consul, to remain in his safe custody until he made a satisfactory arrangement with his English creditors, after which, instead of being allowed to be placed again in the power of the Turks, he should be sent away from Smyrna in an English ship of war.

## OLD AGE.

**W**HAT a blessed order of Nature it is, that the footsteps of Time are "inaudible and noiseless," and that the seasons of life are like those of the year, so indistinguishably brought on, in gentle progress, and imperceptibly blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant feeling, that he is growing old! The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on the grey-headed sire, each on the other, as on a separate existence in a separate world. It seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common, that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain; but as the hours, days, weeks, months and years go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave! In this how Nature and Man agree, pacing on and on to the completion of a year—of a life! The Spring how soft and tender indeed, with its buds and blossoms, and the blessedness of the light of heaven so fresh, young, and new, a blessedness to feel, to hear, to see, and to breathe! Yet the Spring is often touched by frost—as if it had its own Winter, and is felt to urge and be urged on upon that Summer, of which the green earth, as it murmurs, seems to have some secret forethought. The Summer, as it lies on the broad blooming bosom of the earth, is yet faintly conscious of the coming-on of Autumn with "sere and yellow leaf,"—the sunshine owns the presence of the shade—and there is at times a pause as of melancholy amid the transitory mirth! Autumn comes with its full or decaying ripeness, and its colours grave or gorgeous—the noise of song and sickle—of the wheels of wains

—and all the busy toils of prophetic man gathering up against the bare cold Winter, provision for the body and for the soul! Winter! and cold and bare as fancy pictured—yet not without beauty and joy of its own, while something belonging to the other seasons that are fled, some gleamings as of Spring-light, and flowers fair as of Spring among the snow—meridians bright as Summer morns, and woods bearing the magnificent hues of Autumn on into the Christmas frost—clothe the Old Year with beauty and with glory, not his own—and just so with Old Age, the Winter, the last season of man's ever-varying, yet never wholly changed Life!

Then blessings on the Sages and the Bards who, in the strength of the trust that was within them, have feared not to crown Old Age with a diadem of flowers and light! Shame on the satirists, who, in their vain regret, and worse ingratitude, have sought to strip it of all "impulses of soul and sense," and leave it a sorry and shivering sight, almost too degraded for pity's tears! True, that to outward things the eye may be dim, the ear deaf, and the touch dull; but there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams—there are sounds that cease not when the singing of birds is silent—there are motions that still stir the soul, delightful as the thrill of a daughter's hand pressing her father's knee in prayer; and therefore, how calm, how happy, how reverend, beneath unoffended Heaven, is the head of Old Age! Walk on the mountain, wander down the valley, enter the humble hut,—the scarcely less humble kirk,—and you will know how sacred a thing is the hoary hair that lies on the temples of him who, during his long journey, forgot not his Maker, and feels that his Old Age shall be renewed into immortal youth!

## LONDON NOISES.

IN no respect has the liberty of the subject degenerated to such outrageous license as in the particular of noise. It should seem as if dissonance was a fundamental article of Magna Charta, and silence as unconstitutional as ship-money. A man of any delicacy of ear can hardly endure to live within the bills of mortality. Folks may talk as they will of the fogs of London, and of its canopy of smoke ; but what are these to the vile congregation of acoustic abominations that prevails "from night to morn, from morn till dewy eve," in the great city ? Every itinerant mender of kettles, and every rascally knife-grinder, presumes that he has a right to assassinate you,—like Hamlet's uncle,—through the "porches of your ears;" and "Meolch below," as wicked as Macbeth, hath "murdered sleep" uninterruptedly from the days of our Saxon progenitors.\* From the shrill pipe of the morning sweep, to the deep bass of the Hebrew old clothesman, there is a gamut of discordant sounds perpetually exercised, in which every trade and calling has its share. During the late war, when victories came in as regularly as the post, (I wish they had not, like our letters, cost such heavy postage) and when our generals and admirals might have said "no day without a despatch," the nuisance of newsmen's horns so far transcended the united noises of all other vociferations, that the magistrates of the city, those sage grave men, found it necessary to legislate specially against them. No other trade could gain a hearing, so incessant and obstreperous were their blasts. The wits of that day, I am aware, would have it that the ears were not the part of the head which our aldermen desired to protect from insult ; but what will not a wit say

or do to make good his point ? One may pay for gold too dearly ; and even the joys which a good batch of "bloody news" must afford to the snug citizen, who "lives at home at ease," and knows nothing of the pleasures of war beyond taxation and a gazette, were dearly bought by the head-splitting tantararara of the gentlemen of the tin tube.

Another "simple sin," which no less requires legislative interference, is the big-drum. Tambourines and triangles are bad enough, heaven knows,—mere noise for the sake of noise,—monotonous, and subversive of all music ; but they are nothing to the big drum, that eternal rattler of windows and shaker of houses—that everlasting street accompaniment to the grave and the gay, the martial and the tender, the sentimental and the sprightly. Let any one, who is an admirer of the very popular air, "Home, sweet home," imagine—no, that is not the word,—let him remember (for he must have heard it a thousand times) the ambulant performance of the *refrain*, "home, home, sweet, sweet home," squirted through the husky Pan's pipe, and enforced by five confounded bangs, like so many discharges of artillery, and five vibrations of all the glass in the parish, that seem to speak of an earthquake. To ladies indisposed, and gentlemen with sick-headaches, these proceedings are most distressing. Have the drummers, moreover, no pity on the poor babes, who may be thrown into convulsions by the slightest of their thumps ? Alas, "they have no children, butchers." Infinitely more painful still is it to the wounded spirit of him who is full of the melody of Pasta or of Paton, to be compelled to listen to thump—thump thump—thumpa thumpa—thump, by way of a new edition of

\* It is a curious fact, that this pronunciation of "milk" answers precisely to the Anglo Saxon spelling, "meolce;" it is most probably the original sound of the word, that has survived the progressive refinements in speech of the upper classes.

"*Di tanti palpiti*;" or to "*Di pia-bang mi balza bang*:" it is enough to make a man commit suicide. Having entered fully into the contemplation of this evil, just conceive it, reader, at the end of some forty minutes, melting into distance, and your aching head left free to receive the varied attack of a *debutant* from a garret window, beginning to learn the bugle!! It might reconcile even Swift himself to deafness! Not all the alphabets in the world could express the horrible combinations of sound attendant on this truculent massacre of Guido of Arezzo. As-tolpho's horn is a faint and insufficient type of the stupifying blast. Well, you will scarcely have gotten rid of this plague, when you will be beset by a scoundrel performing your favourite melody on a barrel organ, in which, if there is one note more out of tune than all the rest, it is that on which there is a long pause, to bring you back to the *ritornelle*. The filing of a saw is gracious to that scream. Then succeeds an itinerant clarionet, squeaking out the mutilated remains of a Scotch reel; or, worse than all, some Highland Orpheus of a bagpiper, whose accursed pibroch would of itself suffice to batter down the walls of another Jericho, or relieve the moon from the pangs of an eclipse. After such instrumental nuisances, it may appear to smack of the bathos to dwell upon vocal misdoings; but how shall I pass over the deep, hoarse, bass of the sham sailor roaring "*Cease, rude Boreas*," and telling in unearthly sounds how "*his precious sight*" was electrified out of his eyes in a West India thunder-storm, or carried away by the wind of a cannon-ball? What think you also of a French ballad-singer, with a voice like a penny trumpet,

and as tunable "as a pig in a gale, or a hog in a high wind," chanting "*La garde nationale*," or "*C'est l'amour*;" or of that other pious nuisance, the woman who lays siege to your halfpence, by drawing out a never-ending repetition of the hundred and fourth Psalm. To add, however, to the charm, these delectable strains are from time to time crossed by the competing vociferations of two rival mackerel-venders, screaming like emulous parrots from the opposite sides of the street. Then at night you are indulged by a trio of watchmen crying the hour concurrently in C natural, C sharp, and E flat, and showing how little concert there is in their efforts to preserve the peace. This last insult on our ears is the more forcibly impressed upon my memory, because a very professor of music, who is rather choleric, and who, moreover, had served Napoleon in the wars, when walking home with me one night from the opera, was so worked upon by the discord, that he actually knocked down the untunely Charley nearest at hand to teach him counter-point. This fantasia of the enraged musician brought us both to the watch-house till we could get bail; and the next morning Sir R. Birnie read us a most luminous lecture on the moral difference between beating time and beating the time-keeper. Thus brought to the bar for an odd crotchet, after having lost our rest, we were forced, after a distressing pause, to conclude the broken (headed) cadence, by sliding a few notes into the hand of the guardian of the night, whom we had rendered too flat, but who, being now the dominant, allowed us to resolve the discord, and so get back to the key, which was no longer turned upon us.

#### THE MOSS ROSE.

An angel of the flow'rs one day,  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—  
That spirit to whose charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven.  
Awaking from his light repose,

The angel whisper'd to the rose,  
"Oh! fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found where all are fair,  
For the sweetest shade thou'st given to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"

Then said the rose, with deepen'd glow,  
 "On me another grace bestow."  
 The spirit paus'd in silent thought—  
 What grace was there that flow'r had not?

'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose  
 A veil of moss the angel throws,  
 And rob'd in Nature's simplest weed,  
 Could there a flow'r that rose exceed?

## HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND.\*

THE work before us—the second series of Hajji Baba's adventures, by Mr. Morier, has some faults (and some merits) which the first production had not: but, on the whole, it is very amusingly written. There can scarcely be said to be any plot about it, in the sense in which that term is used by novelists, but a constant source of excitement is kept up by the shifting of the characters—even if they be such as take no great hold upon us—into new and singular situations: and, without becoming subject to that sort of novelistic lien which arises out of a care for the individuals before us, we have a running curiosity to see what, in particular positions, particular people will think and do.

The work sets out with the nomination of Hajji Baba, as appointed and peculiar officer of the Persian shah, to select and take up in the provinces of his master's empire, a collection of presents which are to accompany an embassy to the king of England. These gifts are to consist (as becomes the honour of the shah and the purpose of the embassy) of the choicest specimens of art and splendour that Persia can afford, and especially of such matters as are likely to be acceptable to the illustrious monarch for whose use they are designed. Horses, slaves of all descriptions, and an eunuch dwarf, are among the gifts.

These presents, according to Persian etiquette, previous to their transmission to Frangistan, are submitted to the inspection of the English ambassador resident at the court of the shah; and immense surprise is created when that officer suggests that "the slaves will none of them be ac-

ceptable." The objection to the eunuch dwarf, and the statement that the King of England does not lock up his wife—and moreover that he has but *one*, creates a burst of merriment and incredulity through the court, "*La illallah illallah!*" cries the vizier—astonished even into forgetfulness of the place in which he stands—"only one wife? Suppose he gets tired of her, what then?" The delight, however, expressed at the gift of the horses, somewhat covers these disappointments. The English ambassador is luckily "no great judge; and, therefore, the animals which a Persian would most likely have rejected, he accepts with joy." "With a warning to learn all the languages of Frangistan, to express no surprise at any thing which they may hear or see, and to do every thing in England for the shah's honour, that his face may be white in the eyes of the infidels;" the mission, accompanied by a young Englishman, who is to act as interpreter, quits Is-pahan on its way to St. James's.

The chief ambassador from Persia, Mirza Firouz, is by no means devoted to the task assigned him. In fact, he receives the honour at the suggestion of a vizier, who is jealous of his favour with the sultan, and thinks it advisable to get him out of the way. Hajji Baba, whose fortune it is to be protected by the jealous vizier, (and who goes "to England as secretary of the embassy") therefore stands in no great odour in the nostrils of his superior officer.

The inferior persons of the embassy, as well as their chief, are a good deal at a loss what to think of a journey to Europe:—

"One asked, 'How shall we get

\* The Adventures of Hajji Baba in England, 2 vols. 12mo., Murray, London. 1828.  
 50 ATHENÆUM, VOL. 9, 2d series.



there? underground, or how?"—Another, 'We hear that their only food is the unlawful beast; how can a Mussulman exist there?'—A third said, 'At least we shall get wine, for we are told they drink nothing else, and that all their water is salt.'"

In passing through Turkey, the usual heartburnings break out, between the Turks and the Persians; and in "the capital of the Blood-drinker" (Constantinople), even the hatred of both sides to the Franks appears not strong enough to control this disposition to mutual offence. At length the Persians get on board the English ships prepared for their voyage to Great Britain. And here we shall let the historian speak a little for himself:—

"We had reached the frigate all but about one *maidan*, when, wonderful to behold, at the sound of a shrill whistle, out jumped hundreds of what we took to be rope-dancers; for none but the celebrated Kheez-Ali of Shiraz, inimitable throughout Asia for his feats on the tight rope, could have done what they did. They appeared to balance themselves in rows upon ropes scarcely perceptible to the eye, ascending higher and higher in graduated lines, until on the very tip-top of the mast stood, what we imagined to be either a *gin* or a *dive*, for nothing mortal surely ever attempted such a feat. We had no sooner reached the deck, whither we had all been whisked up (the blessed Ali best knows how), than instantly such discharges of cannon took place, that, with excess of amazement, our livers turned into water, and our brains were dried up.

"In the name of Allah!" exclaimed the elchi, 'what does this mean? Is this hell? or is it meant for heaven? What news are arrived?' All this he was exclaiming, whilst the captain, standing before him, made low bows, and seemed to claim his admiration. And it was only when the firing had ceased, and that our ears had somewhat recovered the shocks they had received, that the mehmader stepped up and said, this

was done in honour of his excellency, and was the acknowledged mode in England of treating persons of distinction.—'May your shadow never be less!' rejoined the ambassador. 'I am very sensible of the honour,' at the same time thrusting his fingers into his ears; 'and I assure you that this mark of distinction will leave a lasting impression upon me. But what is the use of discharging so many cannon, and wasting so much precious gunpowder? You have fired away more powder than our shah did at the celebrated siege of Tus, when, with three balls and one cannon, he discomfited a host of Yuzbeks, and kept the whole of their kingdom in fear of his power for ever after.'

"The captain then brought his *naibs*, or lieutenants and officers, introducing them to the ambassador, and, among the number, he specially presented a doctor, who was enjoined to take care of our health. He, moreover, led a Frank priest before us, who was the only living sign we had yet seen of religion amongst infidels—for never had we seen one of them even stand still and pray.

"One of the men was a son of the road, as the wandering Arabs say, a traveller. He was evidently a person of experience; for his hair was white, which he might have kept from the gaze of the world had he always worn a turban or head-dress, according to our Eastern fashion. The account which he gave of himself was to us incomprehensible; for it seems he was travelling about the world, at his own expense, for a Frank king, to collect birds, beasts, and fishes, which, as fast as he caught, he stuffed. The moment he perceived us, he eyed us from head to foot, as if he were inspecting horses or camels; and his curiosity was afterwards explained by the knowledge we acquired of his pursuits;—it was evident that, looking upon us as foreign animals, he longed to kill and to stuff us."

The most admirable affair of all, however, seems to the Orientals to



be, the seeing the "idle young men on board the ship" [the midshipmen] appear all at noon, each with an "astrolabe" [a quadrant] in his hands! To see boys handling this instrument of wisdom, and apparently with a purpose to ascertain if the heavens are propitious to the voyage, excites an inexpressible wonder on the part of the ambassador! and having contemplated the exhibition of a little rhubarb on that day, he sends a message, to know from the Frank soothsayers, whether the time is propitious for taking physic. In the mean time the whole party apply themselves diligently to the study of all European peculiarities, and especially of the English language; and, after the chief ambassador has nearly cut off one finger in learning to use the knife at dinner, and Hajji Baba nearly committed a greater mischance, by running his fork into his eye; with no farther calamities than these, the ship reaches the English coast in safety, and the embassy is disembarked at Plymouth:—

"What was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, all ready to receive us, and who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room, fitted up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances, too numerous now to mention. The mehmander then told us, that this was to be our habitation for the present; and added, that, whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves, ready to obey our orders, would appear, quicker than ever the *gins* did to Aladin.

"The shah's throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the famous peacock throne of the Moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously-

wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses; and pillows to recline upon were raised, one above the other, in heaps.—'Allah! there is but one Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. To eat dirt is one thing, but to eat it after this fashion is another!'"

The dinner at the caravanserai delights the travellers even more than that on board ship. Their satisfaction at the appearance of so much plate, glass, china, &c. is at first unbounded; but is afterwards a little abated by the production of that nuisance which, the Persian historian observes, "meets strangers, go where they will in England—a bit of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, called—'the bill!'" After a few hours, the novelty being over, the time at the inn begins to hang somewhat heavy on the hands of the strangers, but is relieved by the "diversion of pulling the strings which hang near the fireplace, to try whether such a ceremony will actually produce the appearance of the slaves, or servants, of the caravanserai:—and "sure enough they came," says the Hajji, "and tired enough they seemed to be; till, at length, our pulling had no farther effect; and the charm we supposed was broken by our too frequent repetition."

The embassy then proceeds to London, where the ambassador finds himself much disgusted on account of the little respect shown to him both on the road and on his arrival. The arrangements of the Frank houses, too, when they reach the capital, the whole party find to be, in many points, inconvenient:—

"We passed the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alcolaks*, or to bind them round our waists; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found,

after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trousers became disagreeably oppressive. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when at length we heard noises in the streets, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshekchis*, on the walls of the *Ark*, announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be *muezzins*, appointed to cry out the Frangi *azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea; for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken; because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud, shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; but, when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, '*Muezzin! muezzin!*' and, pointing to the top of one of the minars which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might."

The visit of the minister for foreign affairs to the embassy takes place so unexpectedly, that nothing but "sweet and bitter coffee" can be prepared for that officer's reception: "the first of which," the Persians

observe with surprise, "he scarcely tastes," and that he "makes faces at the latter." It is resolved, however, having due notice—to give the prime minister, on his visit, a formal entertainment:—

"Hassan, the cook, was ordered to exercise all his talent, and to dress a breakfast, which would at once show his art, and give a specimen of our national luxuries.

"The prime vizier was a dervish in appearance, so mild, so kind, that we marvelled how the affairs of this great country could be directed by him.

"A very handsome breakfast was served up to him, but which, strange to say, did not seem to his taste. The ambassador helped him to the choicest bits with his own fingers; he even put his hand into the same mess of rice with him, and gave him his own spoon to drink sherbet with; but he could not be prevailed upon to make the most of the good things before him. We tried him with some *gezenjibin*, which he scrupulously examined; but when Hashim, the footman, had dexterously broken it with his hands, and blown the dust from it with his mouth, he did not seem inclined to carry his curiosity farther.

"Surely," said we, "this infidel cannot affect to think us impure, that he does not choose to taste our food; he, who will not scruple to eat swine's flesh, and to drink of the forbidden wine?—and this, too, when our ambassador has laid by his own scruples, has shut his ears to the commands of our holy Prophet, and has treated the Frank as if he were a true believer." We found that we had still much to learn concerning this extraordinary people."

The whole of the second volume is occupied with the adventures of the Persians in London; and a love adventure which befalls Hajji Baba, in a family the name of which is Hogg—a family, as he designates them, "of the unclean beast!" and the card of invitation which he writes to admit his friends to one of the

ambassador's parties—"Admit one mother Hogg, and two head of daughters"—are amongst the best points in this part of the book. In the end, the ambassador remains for a time in England, and it falls to the lot of Hajji Baba (under circumstances of something diminished splendour from the manner of its outward journey) to conduct the embassy home. The Persians return to Constantinople in a "transport," on board which they experience every description of horror. "The unclean beast," they say, "walked daily upon the deck; encountering them as if in defiance." Its flesh was eaten before their eyes in every corner.

With the help of the prophet, however, the whole party returns to Ispahan; and Hajji Baba, being admitted to an audience of the shah, is examined as to the wonders of Frangistan—in a conversation, with a few extracts from which we shall close our short notice of Mr. Morier's second appearance.

"Well, Hajji, so you have seen Frangistan—what sort of a place is it?"

"Owing to the condescension of the Asylum of the Universe," said I, "it is not a bad place."

"How is it, compared to Persia?" said the king.

"As I am your sacrifice," said I, "there can be no comparison."

"Have the Franks any poets?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said I, "they have; but to say that they approach to either Hafiz or Saadi, may God forgive me for thinking so!"

"But they have no nightingales," said the king; "say that, I will believe you."

"They have none," said I; "but of dogs they have abundance."

"So they have poets!" said his majesty; "what else have they got? It is said that their women are good—is that true?"

"Of that there is no doubt," said I; "they would even be worthy, so thinks your slave, of standing before the shah himself."

"You do not say wrong," said the

king. "We want a Frank woman." Then turning to the vizier, he said, "What else was it that we wanted from that country? Is it now in your recollection?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said the vizier; "your slave thinks it was a spying-glass."

"True, true," answered the shah, recollecting himself; "it was a spying-glass; a miraculous spying-glass. Is it true," said he to me, with some hesitation, "is it true that they make a spying-glass in that country which can look over a mountain? Is such a thing really made?"

"Since your majesty says so," said I, "it must be so; but, in truth, it was not my good luck to meet with it. But, as I am your sacrifice, may it please your majesty, I have seen things among the Franks equally astonishing; and, therefore, there is no reason that it should not exist."

"What things did you see? Speak boldly."

"I have seen a ship," said I, "going against a fierce wind, with the same velocity as a horse, and that by the vapour which arises from boiling water."

"Hajji," said the king, after a stare and a thought, "say no lies here. After all, we are a king. Although you are a traveller, and have been to the Franks, yet a lie is a lie, come from whence it may."

"My tongue almost became constipated at this reproof; but taking courage, I continued with vehemence:—'By the salt of the king, may my head be struck off this moment—I am your sacrifice—as I live, I swear that such is the case, and if there be a Frank here, and he be a man, he will confirm my words.'"

"Say it again," answered the king, softened by my earnestness. "What vapour could ever be strong enough to perform such a miracle?"

"I then explained what I knew of a steam-engine, and how it acted upon the wheels of a ship."

"But to produce steam enough for such a purpose," said his majesty, "they must have on board the father

of all kettles, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to boot; large enough to boil a camel, much less a sheep."

"Camels, your majesty!" exclaimed I, "large enough to dress a string of camels!"

"Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the shah, in deep thought; "well, after this, there is no doubt that they can make a spying-glass that looks over the mountain. Order some to be sent immediately," said he to the vizier."

The narrative of the Hajji interests the royal breast. He is clothed in a

dress of honour, and would be made a khan, but that it is thought necessary to reserve that dignity to gratify the chief ambassador with on his arrival. In the mean time, however, the Hajji lives in hope, for he is privileged to stand before the king; and who knows whether time may not see the fulfilment of his wishes. In which trust he finally takes his leave of his British readers:—"Seeking protection at the skirts of their coats, and hoping that their shadow may never be less!"

## VARIETIES.

### THE OSAGE OF AQUITAINE.

ALL who have of late frequented the Palais Royale, at Paris, must have remarked the very singular personage who has acquired the title of "L'Osage d'Aquitaine," from the Parisians. His name is Pierre Chodruc Duclos, and his age fifty-six years; his long beard (which would fitly grace a pioneer of the Old Guard) is black; he boasts a pair of enormous moustachios; and his dress is the very luxury of misery. A gray, faded, and dirty great coat, torn and with many a rent, which he has worn for years, is fastened round his body by pieces of twine, instead of buttons; his pantaloons, which hang in tatters on his legs, are secured to them by cord; and, by the same means, his shoes are kept upon his feet. This affectation of wretchedness has not arisen, however, from mercenary views, or, by moving pity or exciting compassion, to procure the viler means of existence; but it would seem to be as a self-imposed penalty (wherefore, I cannot say,) that he dooms himself to be daily exhibited to the sight of his fellow-men in the garb of misery in those very haunts where he was once distinguished as "the gayest of the gay—the admired of all observers." His figure is remarkably fine, and he possesses a noble physiogno-

my, although his eyes have the expression of deep and settled melancholy. His hands might more than vie for size and delicacy with those of Buonaparte or of Byron; his manners are those of one long used to the best and most refined society; his language is equally forcible and elegant, and his voice melodious. Miserable as he now is, poor Duclos was once the Coryphæus of a party; public journals were devoted to his praise; his valour and gallantry were the theme of many a tongue; and his duel, long since, with the celebrated Colonel Fabvier, aroused the interest of the Parisian fair in his favour. He is rich, but refused to receive his rents or use his property; a humble bed is reserved for him at the house of a person named Julivet, in the Rue Pierre Lescaut, for which he daily pays the moderate sum of twenty sous, which he, in the same manner, borrows from different persons, who, under the title of a loan, are disposed to bestow their charity on one they once admired and esteemed. He was lately arrested for the third time, and conducted before the tribunal of Correctional Police, as a vagabond, and, when demanded his reason for the strange habits he had adopted, laconically replied, "*J'use de mon droit de liberté.*" He was discharged; and, on retiring,

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bowed to the Court with a degree of grace which those most accustomed to other Courts would fain imitate, were it possible.

#### REMARKABLE ARTIST.

One of the candidates at present for the prize in the Parisian Academy of Painting, is a young man named Du Cornet, who was born without arms, and has on each foot but three toes, with which he paints, and excellently well too. He has already gained *two medals* for his former productions.

#### CHINESE METHOD OF DUNNING.

When a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil geni. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

#### HOW TO PROMOTE PULMONARY CIRCULATION.

We are told, in a medical work lately published, to read aloud and loudly, "out of any work before us, to promote pulmonary circulation, and strengthen the digestive organs." We know a much better exercise of the lungs than that, and one we frequently practise. It is to thrust our head and shoulders out of the window, and imagining that we see a scoundrel stealing apples in the orchard, or carrying off a howtowdie, to roar out upon him, as if it were Stentor blowing a great brazen trumpet,—"Who are you—you rascal—stand still or I will blow you to atoms with this blunderbuss!" The thief takes to his heels, and having got a hundred yards farther off, you must intensify your roar into a Briareus—even unto the third remove—and then the chance is, that some decent citizen heaves in sight, who, terrified out of his seven senses, falls head

over heels into the kennel—when you, still anxious "to promote pulmonary circulation and strengthen your digestive organs," burst out into a guffaw that startles the neighborhood—and then, letting down the lattice, return to your study.

#### WINE AND PHYSIC.

A gentleman, who was affected with a constant rheum in his eyes, waited on his physician for advice. The doctor desired him to leave off drinking wine. In a few weeks the gentleman experienced the good effect of the prescription, and thought he could do no less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. He was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, and very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, notwithstanding his eyes were affected with the same disease he had just removed. "Well," said the gentleman, "I see you doctors don't follow your own prescriptions." The son of Æsculapius knew in an instant what he meant, and made this observation:—"If you love your eyes better than wine, don't drink it; but as I love wine better than my eyes, I do drink it."

#### EDUCATION.

In Prussia there exist, what are termed, *Strolling Schools*, having no fixed place. The teacher, with his scholars, and his classical furniture, establishes himself in all the houses of a village successively, where he affords instruction; and his stay is determined by the number of persons he is called upon to instruct under each roof, a week being the allotted term for each child, during which period the parents supply all the wants of the *Domine*.

#### HERSCHEL'S DISCOVERIES ANTICIPATED.

It has more than once occurred, that the most brilliant discoveries in science have been anticipated by ingenious reasoning or conjecture. In this manner, Sir Isaac Newton conjectured that the diamond was com-

bustible, long before it was proved by experiment that it consists of carbon. On dipping into one of Addison's "Tatler's," the other day, we fell by accident upon a very remarkable passage, which completely anticipates the great discoveries which Herschel made, by sweeping the milky way with his powerful telescope. The passage in the "Tatler" runs thus:

"What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me (the good genius) a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars, that are arranged in proper figures and constellations."—No. 119.

This is precisely Herschel's account of the milky way from observation, he having found the white light, only apparent to the naked eye, to consist of hundreds of stars, each of them in his opinion the centre of a solar system, analogous to our own.

#### TORTOISE-SHELL.

Few of the *tender* sex, it is to be presumed, are aware of the barbarous method by which this highly prized article is obtained. "When the tortoise," says the Singapore Chronicle, "is caught by the Eastern islanders, it is suspended over a fire kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree, that it can be removed with ease. The animal now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire; but rewards its captors this time with a very thin shell."

#### LONDON UNIVERSITY ROOF.

As a proof of the different views of different architects with regard to the strength of materials, we cannot cite more forcible examples than those exhibited in the roof of the late Brunswick Theatre, and that of the new London University. Though we have no wish to eulogize one

architect at the expense of another, we believe scarcely any person, at all acquainted with the strength of building materials, would have considered the horizontal scantling of such an immense iron roof as that of the late Theatre, 117 feet by 63, sufficient to guarantee the perfect safety of the building; while the iron ties, or girders, which connect the walls of the new University, are strong enough to sustain a roof of at least four times the estimated weight. The principle on which these horizontal girders are constructed,—that of a rib, or rafter, with a pediment elevation,—we think very beautiful; while every risk of fracture from sinking, or from the lateral pressure, is provided against by a wrought iron bolt (forming, as it were, the chord of the arc) running from end to end, and secured by nuts and flanges in the usual way.

#### EXTRAORDINARY CLIMBING PLANT.

The cogue of Chili is one of the most extraordinary climbing plants ever noticed by naturalists. It is not, like the hop, convolvulus or the vine, contented with the support afforded by a single tree, but when it has reached the top of one, it shoots down again and in a short time attains the summit of another. Proceeding in this manner, it has been known to extend over a space of more than two hundred yards. The toughness and pliability of its stems render them valuable for making baskets, and even cables.

#### NEW WORKS.

Just published, Lectures to Young Persons on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man, the Existence, Character, and Government of God, and the Evidences of Christianity. By the Rev. John Harsey, 8vo.

Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, 8vo.  
Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, 8vo.

Evenings of Mental Recreation, 12mo.

Victoria, 3 vols. 12mo.